

Andrew Bird, Nuthinduan Waltz

I'm just an old yout, with a cane made of root
And a dog with a nasal disease
I sit when it's breezing, my dog's always sneezing
I swear it's the voice of Louise
Why do you do when you don't have a clue
And the only thing doing is nothing at all
'Cept wait for night fall when the will of the wind has its way in the grass on a summer's day
And the rope ends that hung above layers of dung had little on all sides but air
In the buzzing dry wheat that wisps my bare feet, I step on my doggie's despair
Why do you do when you don't have a clue
And the only thing doing is nothing at all
'Cept wait for night fall when the will of the wind has its way in the grass on a summer's day
I'm just an old yout, with a cane made of root
And a dog with a nasal disease